

The Tragedie.

*Rat.* Your Highnesse told me I should post before.

*King.* My minde is changd sir, my minde is changd,  
How now, what newes with you? *Enter Darby.*

*Dar.* None good my Lord, to please you with the hearing  
Nor none so bad but it may well be told.

*King.* Hoiday, a riddle, neither good nor bad:  
Why doost thou runne so many mile about,  
When thou mayst tell thy tale a neerer way,  
Once more what newes?

*Dar.* Richmond is on the seas-

*King.* There let him snake, and be the seas on him,  
White liuerd runnagate, what doth he there?

*Dar.* I know not mighty soueraigne but by guesse.

*King.* Well sir, as you guesse, as you guesse.

*Da.* Sturd vp by Dorset, Buckingham and Elie.  
He makes for England, there to claime the crowne.

*King.* Is the Chayre emptie? is the sword vnswaid?  
Is the king dead? the Empire vnposselt?

What heire of Yorke is there aliue but we?  
And who is Englands king, but great Yorkes heire?  
Then tell me what doth he vpon the sea?

*Dar.* Vnlesse for that my liege, I cannot guesse.

*King.* Vnlesse for that, he comes to be your liege,  
You cannot guesse, wherefore the Welchman comes,  
Thou wilt reuolt, and flie to him I feare.

*Dar.* No mightie liege, therefore mistrust me not.

*King.* Where is thy power then to beate him backe?  
Where are thy tenants, and thy followers?  
Are they not now vpon the Western shore,  
Safe conducting the rebels from their shippes.

*Dar.* No my good Lord, my friendr are in the North.

*King.* Cold friends to Richard, what do they in the North?  
When they should serue, their soueraigne in the West.

*Dar.* They haue not bin commanded mightie soueraigne  
Please it your Maiestie to giue me leaue,  
He muster vp my friends and meete your Grace,  
Where and what time your Maiestie shall please.

*King.* I, I, thou wouldst be gone to ioine with Richmond,  
I will nor trust you Sir.

*Dar.* most mightie soueraigne,

of Richard

You haue no cause to hold my f  
I neuer was nor neuer will be fal

*Kim.* Well, go muster men: b  
Your sonne George Stanlie, loo  
Or else, his heads assurance is bu

*Dar.* So deale with him, as I

*Enter a M*

*Mef.* My Gracious soueraigne  
As I by friends am well aduertise  
Sir William Courtney, and the h  
Bishop of Exeter, his brother the  
With many mo confiderates, are

*Enter another Mef*

*Mef.* My liege, in Kent the Gu  
And euery houre more competit  
Flocke to their ayde, and still the

*Enter another Mef*

*Mef.* My Lord, the armie of th

*King.* Out on you owles, not  
Take that vntill thou bring me b

*Mef.* Your Grace mistakes, th  
My newes is, that by sudden floo  
The Duke of Buckinghams armi  
And he himselfe fled no man kno

*King.* O I cry you mercie, I di  
Ratcliffe reward him for the blow  
Hath any well aduised friend giue  
Rewards for him that brings in B

*Mef.* Such proclomatio hath

*Enter another A*

*Mef.* Sir Thomas Louell and I  
Tis said my Liege are vp in armes  
Yet this good comfort bring I to  
The Brittain Nauie is disperst, R  
Sent out a boate to aske them on  
If they were his assistants yea, or n  
Who answered him they came fre  
Vpon his partie: he mistrusting t  
Hoist saile, and made away for Brit